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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 27, 1904. NUMBER 9

A HEATHEN-CHRISTIAN HYMN.

O God, from whom all blessings descend, whom the storm and the thunder obey, preserve us from error; deign to inform our minds.

Attach us to that eternal reason by which thou art guided and supported in the government of the world;

That, being ourselves honored, we may also honor thee as becomes feeble and mortal beings, by celebrating thy works in an uninterrupted hymn.

For neither the inhabitant of earth nor the inhabitant of heaven can be engaged in a service more noble than that of celebrating the divine mind which presides over nature.

Hymn of Cleanthes, the Greek Stoic, about 210 B. C.

O God, from whom all blessings flow,
Whose will the lightnings serve,
Light thou these minds of ours, that they
May not toward error swerve.

To that Eternal Reason make
Our human reason fast,
Which to thyself is guide and stay,
Creation's first and last.

So honored, would we honor thee,
To whom our lives belong,
And sing, as mortal voices may,
Uninterrupted song.

For how can humble child of earth,
Or they whose home the sky,
Engage to serve in nobler way
The Central Majesty,

Than sing the work, the word, the will
That through all Nature shine,
Whose law the sun and stars obey,
Eternal, One, divine!

DEAR UNITY: See how literally and simply, in word as well as thought, the old "Heathen" hyman, which you print in a recent issue, translates itself into English "Christian" song?
Yours truly,

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1904. NUMBER 9

A Primer of the Peace Movement.

From the Illustrated Exhibit of the American Peace Society at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

COMPILED BY LUCIA AMES MEAD.

II

The Practical Program for World Organization.

WAR'S DECREASE.

"History is the record of the decline of war, but the slow decline."—Emerson.

War was once universal. Now it is exceptional. There were Seven Years' Wars, Thirty Years' Wars, One Hundred Years' Wars. Union of tribes into small states, of these into larger ones, as in ancient France and England, in America and modern Germany and Italy, enlarged the areas in which was peace. This reduced the annoyance of custom-houses, different coinage, etc., and transferred many men from destructive to constructive work.

The cruelties of war are lessening. Women and children are no longer slaughtered or sold into slavery; looting has decreased; the hospital service has enormously improved. The United States has just abolished giving prizes to naval men for victories.

Long-range guns firing at unseen enemies lessen the beastly ferocity of old-time hand-to-hand encounters. Plainer uniforms for soldiers, greater opportunity for travel and adventure outside the army, make army life less attractive. More acquaintance and commerce with foreign peoples and a growing trust in arbitration make war seem more senseless and futile. The increased cost, not only of war, but of standing armies and navies, is compelling tax-payers to rebel at seeing their hard-earned money needlessly thrown away.

A first-class battleship ($6,500,000) costs more than the valuation of all the land and the ninety-four buildings of Harvard University, plus all the land and buildings of both the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes. New inventions force a battleship out of service in thirteen years.

Chicago is having a great horse show this week. We should like to study horse nature at its maximum here were it not for the necessity of observing so much human nature at its minimum. Why should the noble animal, the horse, be forced into the ignominious service of parading the styles, the fashions, the show and extravagance of men and women who were made for better things and are capable of using their money, their time and their beauty in higher ways and for nobler ends?

"Why not add a parcel post to our present phenomenal postal system?" is the question which the "Postal Progress League of New York" is urging upon the candidates. Sure enough, why not? In order to carry this out it may be necessary to act on the suggestion urged by Postmaster General Vilas as far back as 1887, that the government should own its own postal cars; further, that the government should issue a fractional currency, convenient for settling small accounts by mail; and then after all this, or before, why not the postal savings bank system! All of this is in the line of scientific as well as economic and practical progress. We are glad to make room for this note:

All who make use of the United States mails and who feel the need of better postal facilities should make themselves known to Mr. Cowles, secretary of the Postal Progress League, 21 Park Row, New York, and he will tell you how to lend a hand in helping to get what—we all want.

The *Open Court* for October bristles with originality and uniqueness, like all the numbers of this journal. Dr. Wood Hutchinson gives the first of a series of nature studies for children. This one is entitled, "What the Dog is Built to Do." "The Legendary and Real Napoleon; an Occult Study," is temptingly introduced by the frontispiece, "Napoleon Before the Sphinx." Yielding for the time to the charm of occultism, we can almost imagine the Sphinx breaking silence and saying to this grim disturber, "You're another!" Here also we find a Buddhist hymn set to music with English translations, and a report of Dharmapala's mission in India, where he sets himself to the awakening of that conservative continent by teaching children the fundamentals of agriculture, elementary science and hygiene. To our mind, Dharmapala is unquestionably working on right lines and deserves encouragement.

The Peace Congress at Boston was favored and its potency immensely augmented by the fact that Edwin D. Mead, who had so much to do with shaping its program and directing its forces, has a profound appreciation of history. His historical insight is not only keen, but his power of exploiting the significant facts once discovered, is great. The European members at the recent Congress made a pilgrimage to Mount Auburn and there laid their wreaths upon the graves of seven of the great apostles of peace whom the United States has furnished, viz.: Noah Worcester, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, William Ellery Channing, Charles Sumner and Phillips Brooks. This pilgrimage was made the occasion of publishing a handsome memorial pamphlet containing the portraits of those beloved and loving children of New England, each portrait flanked with a page of kindling words, matching the beautiful face. The extracts are from Worcester's "Solemn Review of the Custom of War;" Longfellow's "At the Arsenal of Springfield;" Oliver Wendell Holmes' "A Hymn of Peace;" James Russell Lowell's "The Fatherland;" Channing's "Discourse on War;" Sumner's "The True Grandeur of Nations;" Phillips Brooks' "Sermon Before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston." This noble souvenir is not only worthy of a place on the home table of every family in America, but it offers high pulpit readings and noble "pieces to speak" for public school children, if that good old-fashioned and ever-valuable practice is not wholly abandoned in the modern school.

Perhaps a poet, a true seer, looking down upon the United States today from a sufficient altitude to give him an adequate perspective, would note with sadness the fact that the passing of Bartholdi, the enthusiastic French artist who gave to the United States the great beacon of New York harbor, "Liberty Enlightening the World," has caused scarcely a ripple of attention in newspaper, magazine or pulpit. Has liberty lost the

power to inspire, has symbolism ceased to charm, and ideality forsaken these United States, the boasted republic of the world? At the first, congress begrudged a pedestal for this truly impressive work of art. Then for two years or more it was so economic that it could not afford the petty appropriation necessary to keep the torch burning in the hand of Liberty, although it was a thing of service as well as of beauty. And now the inspired artist is allowed to pass out of the world without recognition, so far as we know, on the part of the nation, the state, or the city that so inspired his genius and moved his heart to the generous act. Poor Bartholdi! at the end of seventy-four years, his hand, unnerved by disease, dropped into quietness. But there is an element in the United States that will cherish his memory; there are those who grow up far inland who will dream of some day seeing the mighty torch, and every week will bring its invoice of humble immigrants —the poor and the laboring, the thwarted and the heroic, escaping the harder conditions of an older world, whose eyes will moisten and their pulses quicken with the sight of this beautiful emblem of hospitality, the signal light at the gateway of the new opportunity they seek. Bartholdi's statue has a message still, though politics may neglect it, commerce suspect it, and religion tamper and compromise with its high behest.

A most significant program has found its way to our table, issued by the "Men's League" in connection with the Fountain Street Baptist Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan, of which the Rev. J. Herman Randall, a good friend of UNITY, is minister. The list contains thirty-eight topics, reaching from the first Sunday in October to the last Sunday in June. It is for a class in "Applied Christianity" which meets every Sunday from 12:15 to 1. The general subject for study is "What the City Should Do for Its People." The topic is presented with a twenty-minute address, followed by three-minute discussion of the same for the remaining twenty-five minutes. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, men and women, young and old, are previously drafted into this high service, having committed themselves this long time ahead to apply themselves to the problems assigned. In the list of topics we find nearly the whole range of modern problems touched; such as "The Expansion of Municipal Functions," "Free Public Education," "Municipal Gymnasiums and Baths," "Free Libraries and Lectures," "Civic Art and Training in the Appreciation of the Beautiful," "Municipal Theaters and Concert Halls," "The City's Obligation to the Homeless, the Poor, the Sick and the Criminal Classes," "The Encouragement of Thrift, Municipal Savings Banks, Pawn Shops, Loans," "The City's Obligation to Public Morals," "Municipal sanitations, Comfort Stations, Rest Rooms," "Municipal Lessons from Over the Sea—Triumphs of Birmingham, London, Berlin, Glasgow," "The Questions of Garbage, Gas, Water, Municipal Telephones." The very list of topics is educative and inspiring. "Yes, but all this on Sunday!" Why not? UNITY begs to urge that this is not simply good morals but good religion; it is practical piety; it will inspire devoutness; it is true orthodoxy, for it sticks close to the methods of the prophets and the apostles. Let other churches go and do likewise; there is need of it in every community.

"We hear no more of Browning Clubs! That fad has passed! Browning has had his day!" So remarked a "wise" collegiate the other day. It was evident he was congratulating himself that he had never come under the spell. But this young sprig from college was reckoning without his host. If there is less conscious reaching after Browning, less systematic effort to master him, and fewer circles to enjoy this high poetry in a co-operative fashion, it is because he has passed into the commonwealth of the community and become a familiar source of pleasure to the multitude. He has been admitted into the confidences of the competent and occupies an unchallenged place on the working shelves of the intelligent everywhere. Evidences of this are ever at hand on our editorial table. The last arrival is a syllabus of six lectures as an introduction to Robert Browning, by Alfred W. Martin of Seattle. After an introductory lecture on the man, his genius and his place in poetry, come five lectures on the five great poems—possibly the five greatest poems—"Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Saul," "Abt Vogler," "Andrea del Sarto" and "The Ring and the Book," to which list he affixes the following sub-titles: "The Philosophy of Life," "The Transfiguration of Life," "The Spiritual Revelations of Music," "The Tragedy of a "faultless painter,'" "Pompilia, the Interpretation of Ideal Womanhood." Here is pulpit as well as platform material. Well does Mr. Martin say in this syllabus:

> It is an encouraging sign of the times that popular prejudice against the poetry of Browning is steadily on the wane and that everywhere candid, intelligent reading leads to grateful appreciation of the poet's work. To an ever larger number of readers it is apparent that Browning has a message for the twentieth century not to be found in the pages of any of his Victorian contemporaries."

The Road to Peace.

All will agree that peace is desirable; even the most complacent advocate of things as they are, enthusiastic patriots who admire armies and endorse naval schemes, admit that international peace is the ideal and that some day disarmament will be accomplished. But too many of our patriots today are willing that other nations should take the initiative. They follow the example of Rip Van Winkle, and, when the building of another warship is in question, treat good resolution and say, "We will not count this once." This is the philosophy of the "Speak softly, but carry a club" patriot. It is the attitude of many preachers who think that war will cease by the increase of warlike armaments. This statesmanship suggests the prayer of Augustine who, in the wild-oats period of his youth, prayed, "O Lord, make me temperate and chaste, but not just yet."

Is not now the golden hour; has not the psycholog-

ical moment come when we are to begin? Andrew Carnegie suggests that the armed forces of Europe might well be used to suppress the passionate violence of the present belligerents who are murdering one another with awful brutality in the far East; and his suggestion, to our mind, deserves to be treated with more seriousness than if it were a joke.

UNITY at the beginning of this war suggested that if the "Powers" were to justify their armies and navies, now was the time for them to use them in the interest of peace and compel a rational settlement of the dispute rather than allow this barbaric duel to continue. General Miles suggested that the process of disarmament should begin by *pro rating* the standing armies and navies of the nations; that such nations by mutual agreement affix the per capita of social percentage. Tolstoy's hope is fundamental. He expects little from the action of government but much from the arousing of the individual conscience. Wars will cease when individuals refuse to enlist; when young men prefer the dungeon to the fortification, that the gospel of human brotherhood may be thereby enforced. Still another suggestion worthy of consideration is that the enlistment age be raised to twenty-five or higher. This would shut off a large percentage of the soldier constituency.

The cause of peace is not to be advanced by one but rather by all these methods. The only faithless attitude is the attitude of inactivity. He who thinks that the time has not yet come is the skeptic and the obstructionist and should be induced to get out of the way. Progress is possible only to the progressive. Advancement always involves an heroic element.

Let us begin now to be ashamed of our armies. Let the gay uniform, the marching column, the moving music and flying banners be looked upon with horror and not with pride. Let the right names be used; war is murder, and a soldier is a man who kills. War ships are instruments of destruction; armies are makeweights upon the necks of nations, parasites on the body politic.

Have you read Tolstoy's "Bethink Yourself?" a recent pamphlet reprinted from the *London Times* and published from the International Union, Ginn & Company, Boston. It is the latest word of this apostle of peace; it can be read in an hour, and can be obtained, we suppose, for a dime; send for a copy; read it; lend it; commend it to your representatives on the floors of Congress.

A Jesting Age.

The time of foot-ball has arrived and with it comes the tin horn, the megaphone and the howling crowd of college boys, girls, professors and presidents. Last Saturday Chicago scored its first victory, a decisive one, over the Northwestern team. In the evening a down-town theater was engaged to celebrate the triumph, and after two or three hours of boisterous fun inside, the academic spirit took posession of the streets outside. An extra detail of police was called for and they had to club their way through the howling mass that obstructed the sidewalk. These representatives of law and of the people's rights were met with jeer and joke, with defiance and fun. Some of them had to be arrested, but because they were University boys and all this was in the interest of culture, because they were, presumably, representatives of the first families of Chicago, they were released and allowed to continue their vocal debaucheries, making night hideous.

We have not overstated this spirit of boisterousness that manifests itself with college athletics, largely sanctioned by faculty, president and preachers.

This may, after all, represent the most serious manifestation of anarchy in our country today, an anarchy which permeates our public schools as well as our colleges. The great ages have not been the joking ages. Philosophy and philosophers are not fostered by conundrums, and ethical enthusiasm is not generated by drums and shouting. Ruskin in commenting upon Dante in "Modern Painters" dwells upon the intensity and seriousness of the great poet. We commend the passage to our college boys, and suggest that parents and preachers have no higher task on hand today than that of introducing an element of seriousness into the lives of their children. Peace of soul is inseparably allied to the serene temper, the quiet spirit, not the subjugated but the subdued mind. Adoration, not explosion, is the mark of the thoughtful. Such seriousness as Dante's, says Ruskin, is

> "Incapable of perceiving that which is commonplace or ridiculous, but fuses all down into its own white-hot fire. And, on the other hand, I suppose the chief bar to the action of imagination and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest; so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way, and misunderstood; and while this is so, there is not, nor cannot be, any hope of achievement of high things; men dare not open their hearts to us, if we are to broil them on a thorn-fire."

Some Impressions of the National Prison Congress.

One of the evidences of the improvement in the character, ability and aims of the prison wardens who dominate the National Prison Association is the fact that they not only tolerate but invite a discussion of all subjects akin to their professional interests. The recent annual meeting at Quincy, Illinois, brought together a body of men distinguished for splendid physical development, large intelligence and lofty purposes. The President elected last year was Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, eminent as a lawyer, a scholar, and a philanthropist. His death brought Dr. F. H. Wines, the First Vice-President, to the chair.

The wardens discussed the duties of the deputy warden, the methods of discipline and the educational work of a prison, and their papers were strong in thought and attractive in literary form. A representative of Scotland Yard detectives gave a demonstration of the English finger-print system of identifying criminals, while an American warden showed the advantages of combining this method with that of the French system of Bertillon. It would seem that the danger of punishing the wrong man has been reduced to a minimum. Really, one who wishes to travel in comfort should have a record of identification made so that he may escape arrest for the sins of others and

also collect money on his letter of credit without delay or suspicion.

The subject of preventive work was discussed in connection with a report on the movement to establish Juvenile Courts. One of the most vital points urged in this report was the necessity, for example in Illinois, of making adequate legal provision for payment of the expenses of the court. It is not creditable to our legislature that it left to the judges of our splendid juvenile court the humiliating and almost desperate task of begging money to pay the probation officers. These officers should be paid out of a public fund just as teachers, policemen, jailers and the judges themselves are paid.

Gradually the principle of the indeterminate sentence and consequent probation supervision of discharged prisoners has gained the favor of our leading prison officials, the class of men who know convicts better than all others. The opponents of this principle carefully shun discussion in the National Prison Association and content themselves with innuendo and criticism of defects in administration. Those who have finally rejected the inequitable, unpractical and degrading principle of retribution in penal law should see clearly that the fixed sentence is absurd and immoral. Courts pretend to write out "justice" in the form of a dose of penalty equivalent to the enormity of the offense. The contradictions involved in this procedure have been exposed a thousand times and are illustrated by every criminal court in the land. The only alternative of this antiquated method is the "sentence to reformation." Some of the police and prosecuting attorneys are objecting to it on the ground that they cannot under our parole system secure confessions of guilt in return for the favor of a shorter sentence. As Dr. Wines put it, they compound a felony in order to facilitate the work of the prosecutor. Some of the judges seem to object on the ground that the dignity of courts would appear to be called in question, whereas the parole system helps to make the findings of courts rational.

Another interesting topic discussed was the apparent decrease in crime in New York, where the reformatory method is beginning to show the results long since promised by Mr. Z. R. Brockway, one of the prophets of modern penology. The social responsibility for the existence and growth of crime was the subject of a strong paper. A Japanese inspector of prisons was an attentive listener. He made a speech in his own language, and the next morning furnished an English translation in which occurred the striking epithet applied to the work of the Congress—"a war for peace."

Do not these prison officials and others associated with them in social defense, those who stand between society and the alienated members, deserve the sympathy and the intelligent co-operation of all good citizens?

CHARLES R. HENDERSON.

The University of Chicago.

The International Peace Congress.

It is evident that the peace movement has passed by the period of mere sentiment, though this element was not by any means lacking. The leaders feel that the time has come for business methods, for active educational work, and for effective organization. It is no longer enough to talk and to pass resolutions. What is now needed is the teaching the mass of the people the worth of peace and the development of the heroic spirit that comes with the growth of a peaceful form of life. A new patriotism must be produced that will not find love of country in hatred of other peoples or in making war on them. This need was often referred to in the Congress, and its urgency was considered from many points of view. It was clearly indicated that the peace cause is not opposed to patriotism, but only to that jingo type of it which disregards all sense of proportion and the fitness of things. A new, broader, and more humane patriotism, of larger spirit and nobler type, that shall be in harmony with good will toward all and the progress of humanitarianism, was pronounced to be the most urgent ethical need of the time. To develop this wiser love of country it was pointed out that a saner education was desirable, and that the cause of peace must be carried into all the public schools and colleges in the form of sound ethical teachings.

Other methods were suggested for the furthering of the peace cause. The committee on propagandism proposed that the cost of one battleship, $7,000,000, should be raised for the promotion of the movement, by establishing centres in all the leading capitals of the world, to be housed in such form as to command attention. The wealthy men of all countries were to be asked to raise this sum; and it was felt that, as soon as they realized that peace is essential to commercial prosperity, they would gladly make such contribution. With this sum a great educational work in the form of lectures, pamphlets, books, newspapers, was to be undertaken. Many other means of promoting the spirit of good will among men were discussed, and the meeting was throughout one of great hope and courage.

The Congress made it evident that the peace movement is not promoted by a small group of fanatics, or by a little company of idealists, but is a great and widely ramifying world tendency of the present day. It has many of the characteristics of other reforms of the present and the past, one of these being that it has a warm affinity for other movements designed to promote human welfare. The "community of reforms" was often spoken of in the early reform period in New England, from 1830 to 1850, and the same tendency is seen now. The promoters of peace are drawn toward other reforms and receive them in a tolerant spirit, not to be found elsewhere. At the same time, the peace cause draws to itself the friends of all other reforms. This is natural and inevitable, even if it leads in some instances to a suspicion of the promoters of peace and their methods. It has the advantage of giving strength, vigor, and a nobly tolerant spirit to such reforms. It must not be forgotten, however, that the peace cause is now in the hands of practical men, who are not seeking to create false sentiment, but to bring about results that will commend themselves to business and commercial men.

Never before has the cause of peace seemed so full of promise or found acceptance with so large a number of men who have a controlling influence in the affairs of nations. It is not to be anticipated that it will bring war at once to an end, but something is likely to be accomplished in the way of securing a reduction of the vast military and naval equipments of the world, in promoting arbitration as a means of settling national disputes, and in bringing about a World Court and, sooner or later, a World Congress. These results are not chimerical, but are desired by rulers, and are demanded by the commercial interests of all the leading nations. The Congress is accomplishing a noble work in bringing these needs to the attention of the people everywhere and in creating a demand for them in all countries.—*George W. Cooke, from Christian Register, October 13th.*

Gold and Dross.

The fire of hate's the only hell—
For any man to see;
The fire of love the only heaven—
In all eternity!

The fire of hate to ashes turns—
The dross of torment pain;
The fire of love to beauty burns—
The gold of joyful gain!

—*William Brunton.*

THE PULPIT.

The Widening Past.

An Introduction to a Year's Study of the "Religions of the Elder World" by the Sunday School and Religious Classes of All Souls Church, Chicago, Being the Second Year's Work in the "Seven Years' Course." A Sermon Preached October 2, 1904, By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

> The soul of man is widening towards the past:
> No longer hanging at the breast of life
> Feeding in blindness to his parentage,—
> Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
> Praising a name with indolent piety,—
> He spells the record of his long descent,
> More largely conscious of the life that was.
> —*Geo. Eliot in "The Spanish Gypsy."*

These lines are taken from George Eliot's marvelous prelude to that sadly neglected poem, "The Spanish Gypsy," a poem that may well be studied as a drama of Progress. It represents the tragedy of spiritual growth, the agony not of the damned, but of the redeemed. In this prelude she shows how, in this much maligned age of science, this era of investigation and inquiry,

> The old epic voices ring again
> And vibrate with the beat and melody
> Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days.
> The martyred sage, the Attic orator,
> Immortally incarnate, like the gods,
> In spiritual bodies, winged words,
> Holding a universe impalpable,
> Find a new audience.

Not more clearly does modern science push back the boundaries of space than does it push back the boundaries of time. The old chronologies that traced the genealogies back to Adam, that counted the patriarchs, and crowded the drama of human life into the short space of six thousand years, Emerson somewhere compares to a tick of the kitchen clock. Not by thousands but by millions of years is the story of man's career on this earth to be told, and every chapter in the story is an exciting one, filled with incident, with adventure, with suffering, with joy and triumph. All along, every life in every age has followed the dramatic cycle of birth, growth, death. Youth, manhood and old age are lost in the new romance of long life. Every heart has known the thrills of love, the pangs of disappointment, and the soul sickness that follows hopes deferred. Every new discovery, every hour of research, and every page of study compels the "soul of man" to "widen towards the past." Every effort to

> Spell the record of our long descent

does make us

> More largely conscious of the life that was.

The ancient world was a parallelogram resting on the back of some mystic turtle, canopied with a glassy firmament; and the stars were so many lantern lights handled by angels. This has given way to the modern universe in which every one of the unnumbered stars is a world. The human story to the ignorant is stale, flat and unprofitable, except in the few glow points, here and there revealing generation.

Estlin Carpenter in his interesting little book on "The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World," quotes the ponderous Dr. Johnson as saying, "There are two objects of curiosity, the Christian world and the Mohammedan world; all the rest may be considered as barbarous." And in the same connection he quotes even the learned Sir Monier Williams as speaking of Brahminism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism as "the three chief false religions." The old Mitchell's Geography which I studied when a boy started the lesson on Arabia with the sentence, "Mahomet was a false prophet who flourished in the seventh century A. D.," and then passed on as if that one sentence were all the information needed by the modern child. To the conceited Greek all the rest of the world was Pagan, all not Romans were heathen to the Roman, and the undeveloped soul of the Anglo-Saxon thinks of the races not his own as a burden to carry.

To the ignorant, Egypt is the land of fleas, of beggars, and of sore eyes; India, the realm of superstition, the overcrowded country of rice-eating ignorance; the deluded communities swayed by fakirs and imposed upon by debilitated ascetics and fraudulent priests; China, the home of the heathen Chinee, the lozenge-eyed, pig-tailed eater of rats, a degenerate empire, looking backward, untouched by progress and unillumined by thought; Babylon and Nineveh, sightless ruins, a kingdom of tombs, the fitting haunts of owls and jackals.

But in the light of modern scholarship all this is changed. No longer does the missionary hymn represent the conception of the intelligent that speaks of

> The heathen in his blindness,
> Bowing down to wood and stone,

and there is a touch of modesty and perhaps of shame on the part of the Christian who neighbors the slum territory of our cities when he sings of the land

> Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.

Modern scholarship through recent investigations has widened man's vision in no direction more signally than in the direction of the past. There has been a re-discovered world thrust upon us within the last century. It was in the year 1799 that Napoleon's soldiers found the famous little slab of black basalt three feet square in the miserable little city of Rosetta in the valley of the Nile, which enabled Champollion a few years later to give to the world the key that unlocked the vast literature of Egypt. In 1842 another Frenchman, M. Botti, began digging into the sand mounds of Assyria and by the assistance of Layard, George Smith and others, Assyriology came into being and another vast civilization was re-discovered. In 1880 Professor Sayce gave to the world his "Monuments of the Hittites." This revealed the life of the vast empire which once reached from the Euphrates to the Aegean Sea, an empire which the world had entirely forgotten. In 1784 Sir William Jones organized the Asiatic Society in Calcutta, which led to the discovery, the reading, and the translation of the great library of the Hindus. In 1723 some English merchants gave to the Bodley library fragments of what they supposed to be a "dead book" representing a dead language, so dead that no man was left who could read it. It hung suspended by an iron chain for thirty-one years, an object of idle curiosity to all the Oxford Dons; then a young Paris student not twenty years of age, strengthened with the belief that no language sufficiently developed to produce a sacred book could die, went in search of the key. Nine years of exposure, sickness and distrust in India and he returned to Europe and went straight to Oxford to see if he could read the "dead book," and he could. Ten years more of hard work at home and he published a translation of the Zend Avesta, the noble Bible of the Parsees, containing the oracles of Zoroaster, the grand old prophet of industry, the high priest of labor.

In 1839 Legge, an English missionary, went to China to teach the Chinese Christianity. He was wise enough to conclude that he must begin by understanding the Chinese and their classics, and he, twenty years later, with the help of others, startled the English

Christians by sending back in English text some portions of a great Chinese canon which, according to Carlyle, is seven hundred times the size of our Bible. In 1870 Dr. Schliemann began digging at Troy on the spot where Paul heard the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Twenty years afterwards, in 1890, he published the results of his explorations and announced the startling fact that he had found the ruins of nine distinct cities. Twenty-five hundred years B. C. there was there a city with powerful walls, a civilization that delighted in bronze weapons and gold ornaments. The papers rejoiced at the time that he had found the Troy of Homer, but he had done better than that; he had found six other Troys, of which Homer knew not, beneath the Troy of Homer.

All this not only widens the past in a material way, but it reveals extensive literatures, great Bibles such as enabled Max Mueller in the later years of the last century to give to English readers the forty or more volumes which he entitled "The Sacred Books of the East." How these books have deepened the past and rebuked the superficiality and conceit of modern man. They show how man has been struggling with his ideals, how conscience has been wrestling with its temptations, how the soul has ben resting in the thought of the Infinite away back of and away beyond all the conceits and accomplishments of modern times and outside the covers of what Christians boast as their one adequate and only revelation, the sole product of divine inspiration.

Professor West, of Minnesota, in his Ancient History, one of the latest text-books in this field, says "The learning of the Nile is older than the Greek by almost twice as long a time as the Greek is older than ours of today." This would carry it back seven milleniums from our time.

The date of the famous stone of King Sargon, now in the British Museum, which the ancient King of Babylon placed as a votive stone under a corner of his great temple, is fixed at 3800 B. C. The great inscription of Hammurabi, discovered in 1901 at Suza, where it had probably been carried from Babylon by some conquering army, and which so duplicates in claim and substance the so-called Laws of Moses that it has alarmed the conservative guardians of Christianity, is fixed by scholars at 2250 B. C., making him a contemporary with Abraham, if Abraham is to be regarded as an historical character.

Surely, the "soul of man is widening towards the past," and this prolongation of time deepens the estimate of the soul as well.

In "The Egyptian Book of the Dead" one monarch claims:

> I have not laid labor upon any free man beyond that which he wrought for himself! I have not caused the slave to be ill-treated of his master! I have not starved any man, I have not made any man to weep, * * * I have not pulled down the scale of the balance! I have not falsified the beam of the balance! I have not taken away the milk from the mouths of sucklings! * * * There is no crime against me in this land of the Double Truth!

A Hymn of Praise to Deity, chanted away back there in the valley of the Nile in the fifteenth century, B. C., perhaps two hundred and fifty years before Moses led out the refugee slaves, says:

> Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.
> Thy beams encompass all lands which thou hast made.
> Thou bindest them with thy love. . . .
> The birds fly in their haunts—
> Their wings adoring thee. . . .
> The small bird in the egg, sounding within the shell—
> Thou givest it breath within the egg. . . .
> How many are the things which thou hast made!
> Thou createst the land by thy will, thou alone,
> With peoples, herds, and flocks. . . .
> Thou givest to every man his place, thou framest his life.

In the valley of the Euphrates as in the valley of the Nile, there was prayer, contrition, faith. Professor West gives this extract from a Chaldean hymn composed before the time of Abraham:

> Father, long suffering and full of forgiveness, whose hand upholds the life of all mankind! . . .
> First-born, omnipotent, whose heart is immensity, and there is none who may fathom it! . . .
> * * * * * *
> As for thee, thy will is made known in heaven, and the angels bow their faces.
> As for thee, thy will is made known upon earth, and the spirits below kiss the ground.

Some old antiquarian digging around the foundations of an ancient temple five hundred years B. C., recorded on a cylinder his discovery of the stone of Sargon already alluded to:

> I sought for its old foundation-stone, and eighteen cubits deep
> I dug into the ground, and the foundation-stone of Naram-Sin, the son of Sargon,
> Which for thirty-two hundred years no king who had gone before me had seen,
> The Sun-god, the great lord of E-Barbara, the temple of the seat of the goodness of his heart, let me see, even me.

Says Professor Carpenter concerning the character of Zoroaster's teachings, "They show a moral intensity which at once awakens the sympathy of the student of the Old Testament, and he is startled at the appearance of ideas which he subsequently meets with in the later doctrines of the synagogue."

Here in this old Bible which was once declared "dead," we read:

> God appears in the best thought, in the truest speech, in the sincerest action. Through His Pure Spirit He giveth health, prosperity, devotion, and eternity to the universe. He is the Father of all Truth.
> In mines gleam the gems, and the earth hath its green vesture; but deep within me shall that harmony be found singing praises, with the revolving spheres, to the Fairest and the Best.
> The wicked will say to the good: Wherefore, when I was in the world did you not teach me to act righteously? O ye pure ones, it is because you did not instruct me, that I am excluded from the assembly of the blest.

Says the Hindu scripture:

> The vulgar look for their gods in water; the ignorant think they reside in wood, bricks and stones; men of more extended knowledge seek them in the celestial orbs; but wise men worship the Universal Soul.
> Be thy creed or thy prayers what they may, unless thou hast truth within thee, thou wilt not find the path to true happiness. He in whom the truth dwells is twice-born.
> The source of final happiness is in the heart, and he is a fool who seeks it elsewhere; he is like the shepherd who searched for the lamb that was in his own bosom.

From the Sacred Book of the Chinese comes the text:

> Fear not poverty, but fear missing of the truth. Let not thy tongue say what thy heart denies.
> Never allow yourself to do a wrong thing because it seems trifling, nor to neglect doing a good action because it seems to be small.

But I must desist; I cannot give in a sermon what occupies shelves in my library, and I have but a small part of the English gleaning from the life work of toiling scholars innumerable. Each of these great religions is yielding up a literature. We are re-discovering religions and, what is better, finding again guidance, consolation, fellowship with great souls that seemed well nigh lost. Moses and Jesus do not stand alone like suns in the great spiritual heavens, but they are accompanied by the stalwart Zoroaster, the pitying Buddha, the patriotic, sagacious Confucius, the penetrating, intensive Sokrates, and the unflinching pillar of the desert, the rugged yet benign Mohammed.

I should like particularly to emphasize the fact that all this new lore, with its wealth of precept and example, has come through radical investigation, through fearless research. Had the witty Ingersoll given a little

more study to the subject he would not have wasted his time in amusing his audiences over "the Mistakes of Moses;" he would have known that Moses was innocent of the text he so easily ridiculed and that that literature reflects the aspirations of growing men, the dawning philosophies of earlier ages, which challenge one's admiration and emulation, not one's ridicule and contempt.

Do you ask "What is the use? Is it not all in our Bible? Had we not better busy ourselves with the problems of today and devote our energies to the tasks at hand?"

I reply that there can never be too much light; it is hard enough yet to be patient; there is still a meagerness of love, and despondency too often crowds out hope. If, then, by these studies we can trace the "steady gain of man," if we can find how in far-off climes and remote eras souls staggered under loads like unto our own, how hearts were loyal under temptation, tender in the face of hatred, sweet in the presence of bitterness, do we not need them? It was Confucius, the splendid pagan of China, who said, "To understand the present we must study the past." Any large study of the past must inevitably help us, not only to appreciate but to better use the present. Let us note some of the services such a study of the past may render us.

Such studies should take the conceit out of the present, and prick the bubble of our western pretension. Even our material triumphs, our boasted age of steam, our marvelous developments in the realms of commerce and art, are modified if not discounted by the stupendous records of antiquity. Our sky-scraping buildings are dwarfed by the Pyramids; the noblest and the largest of Christian cathedrals would be lost inside the temples of Thebes. The century growth of Chicago is probably matched if not excelled by the impetuous rise of Persepolis and Alexandria, perhaps even of Tyre, Sidon and Corinth. The Trans-continental railroad is not such an unique triumph when put alongside of the great Chinese wall erected 2,200 years before Leland Stanford drove the golden spike; and the Suez Canal and our own proud project of the Panama Canal are strangely paralleled by the mighty public works that were undertaken and successfully carried out in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates.

Praxiteles and Phidias have not been excelled, the Parthenon is still a model in architecture; Plato is still, as Emerson says, the "teacher of teachers and an epitome of libraries." When Kipling begs of us to bend our shoulders to carry the "white man's burden," the patronizing condescension becomes a little flat when we remember that the Akkadian source of the civilization of the Euphrates and the Hittite Empire represents the yellow man and not the "white man," who is only enamored of carrying other people's burdens when by so doing he is able to lodge said burdens in his own barn.

But there is inspiration as well as humiliation in store for him who widens his soul towards the past. I have already hinted at the new courage it gives, the larger hope; I will but add the one more and dearer thing—it enlarges the boundaries of love; it takes down the iron fences around our religious yards; it removes the barbed wire from around our spiritual farms; we forget the partisan bitterness and the sectarian anxiety; we are swayed with a sense of kinship, and we rejoice in a brotherhood that is far-reaching.

Says a Buddhist scholar, "The teaching of the sects is not different; the large-hearted man regards them as embodying the same truths; the narrow-minded man alone observes their differences."

Abbe Huc, a wise, penetrating Catholic Missionary, traveling in China over fifty years ago, noting the friendly way in which followers of Confucius, of Tao and of Buddha lived and worked together, wrote:

> When strangers meet, it is the custom for each to ask his neighbor, "To what sublime religion do you belong?" The first is perhaps a Confucian, the second a Taoist, the third a disciple of the Buddha. Each then begins a panegyric on the religion not his own; after which they repeat in chorus, "Religions are many, reason is one, we are all brothers."

It is an accepted dictum among philologists that he who knows but one language knows no language. It is a more demonstrative truth that he who knows but one form of religion, knows no religion, and that he who confesses allegiance to but one system and devotion to but one leader is disloyal to both the system and the leader. "For in the Father's house are many mansions," and he who would fit himself for residence there must cease to be a provincial and become a cosmopolitan. To become a cosmopolitan in religion is to escape the distractions of things, to rise above the debilitating confusion of forms and fashions, both material and spiritual. The pilgrim to the heavenly realm is taught by these studies of the past to go in light marching order; to lay aside his impedimenta; to trust the universals which are always the fundamentals.

"The Secret of Jesus."

By Benjamin Fay Mills.

V.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Jesus said:

> "Ye have heard it was said to them of old time, neighbor and hate thine enemy,' but I say unto you, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans the same? Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

It is possible for a man to assume any one of three attitudes of mind toward personal injury. The first is to be indifferent to it on account of a phlegmatic temperament or a deadly indifference, which is below self-respect. The second is the giving vent to anger, which is satisfied only through the wreaking of vengeance. This is a great improvement on the first. It is better for a man to distinguish between right and wrong and be sensitive to injury, even though it be directed against himself, than to be selfishly indifferent. Revenge is the result of a dawning conviction of the value of justice. But there is a third position which is as much superior to anger, as anger surpasses indifference. This is the exercise of complete forgiveness, in which all resentment is consumed in the fires of an understanding and compassionate love.

Non resistance of injury, while requiring great development of character, is in a sense negative in expression; while we have here the requirement of a positive attitude of mind and practical conduct.

We frequently hear it said that the essence of Jesus' social teachings is contained in the injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." No one will understand Jesus, until he realizes that a man's enemies are included among his neighbors, and that *neighbor*, in the vocabulary of Christ, means anyone with whom it is possible to come into direct relationship. It might be said without exaggeration that the doctrine and practice of Jesus taught that a man should not only love his neighbor as himself, but should love his enemies better than he loves himself.

It is natural to think and say that we cannot love the unlovable, but the fact is that no one is unlovable There is no human being in the world who has not in him qualities that elicit the almost unlimited devotion

of certain others. Some people are easily loved; and to love such as these is a kindergarten lesson. There are some who are naturally unattractive and unresponsive. To love these is more difficult, but by no means impossible; and our own reward is great in proportion as we really love those who do not easily respond to our affection. But there may be some who hate us and engage in malicious effort in opposition to what we regard as our personal interests. To love these is a still harder lesson. But this also is possible and the results in the development of character far more than compensate for the greatness of the effort.

It should be said that I do not use the word *love* in the sense to which it has sometimes been degraded. It is sometimes used even to express selfish desires; as for example, when we are told, that a glutton loves his food, or a woman loves pleasure. This is a prostitution of "our divinest word and synonym for God." Neither can we love our enemies with what we might call mutual love. That is, love that both gives and receives, that bestows in hope of receiving a recompense. This is far higher than the first misuse of the word. But even here it would be better to express what we mean by the term affection. For the truest love asks no return, it seeks no requital or reward. It covets only the privilege of loving and is its own reward and requital. Its agent is "enlarged by his own shining." "It treats its object as a god, that it may defy both." It is in this sense that we can love our enemies; in fact, when one gives himself to this spirit, he can not but love all men, and to those who are less attractive or directly unresponsive or unreasonable he gives himself in a sort of a vicarious atonement with a great surplusage of unbounded love.

Jesus said:

"Ye have heard it was said to them of old time, 'Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment,' but I say unto you, that every man who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, 'Raca,' shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say 'Fool' shall be in danger of the hell of fire."

This expression, which is used in some of our English translations of the New Testament, "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause," is not what Jesus said, as the words, "without a cause," are not found in the most accurate Greek versions. No man is angry without believing at the time that he has a just cause for his anger. The judgment that descends upon an angry man is not postponed to some distant day of reckoning but carries its deadly damnation with it. Some biologists even believe that they have discovered a powerful poison in the blood of angry people. Certainly we all know that confusion of mind, anxiety, ill health, moral blindness, and spiritual paralysis await the man who yields to anger. The word, *Raca,* means a worthless fellow, and it is a fact that one who can look upon any man without seeing in him the indications of infinite value, thereby indicates the higher judgment that has already fallen upon his own nobler nature. To call a man *a fool* is to indulge in an unjustified scorn. That is itself a part of the fires of hell. The great people of his time thought Jesus was a fool, and thus they cut themselves off from perceiving the way of life.

"Therefore," said Jesus, that is, because of the Infinite within every man, "if thou are offering thy gift at the altar, and here rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way, first be reconciled with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

That is, no man is right with God while he is wrong with his brother.

"If he loves his brother whom he has seen, he cannot love the God whom he has not seen."

For the unseen God is in his brother, even the most unreasonable, and he can find him there by treating his personal enemies with trustful love. The reason why, on the surface, his enemies seem unworthy of his regard may be owing to their present stage of development.

If the foot or the hand fail to perform their duty, we help them, and if any of our fellows seem to us to fail in any respect, it is our duty to render to them a larger service than would otherwise be required.

A discussion of loving our enemies naturally falls into two divisions:—

I. The cultivation of charitable thought.

1. Always remember that the evil is not he. You know it is separable from him. His enmity is sort of a delirium. If you looked at his true self and considered only of what he is capable, you could not help loving him.

2. The real man in your enemy is one with your self. The inner reason why a man should love his neighbor as himself, is because his neighbor is himself. In the largest sense, all that can possibly touch our lives, directly or indirectly, is a constituent part of our greater selves. This also is true of our apparent enemies. All the enemies you can recognize are a part of you and you need the perception of their identity with you in order to learn one of the greatest lessons of life. Life is testing you, to see if you know who you are and who he is. You are both a part of the manifest God and neither one can be complete without the other. He is appropriate to your present state of development. No man is perfect while he has an enemy and the existence of the enemy is a kind of an indication of this fact. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." The spirit of love must reign in every man until he puts all his enemies under his feet. There is a story told of a Hindoo saint who was tortured by the Mohammedans. Although enduring the most excruciating pain, he smiled and smiled until, when the greatest possible indignity was heaped upon him, he calmly said, "Even this can not deceive me; we are all one." There is another story, told by Rama Krishna, of a sage who had been severely beaten by a man whom he had unwittingly offended. Some of his disciples found him lying unconscious by the wayside and ministered to him tenderly. When he recovered consciousness, one of them said to him, "Master, do you know who it is who ministers to you?" And he replied, "Yes, it is the same one who beat me." Our only hope is to see this principle; to understand that we, without all the others cannot be made perfect and to recognize God under his million disguises.

3. Consider your enemy as your friend, in pointing out of your deficiencies and indicating the way for your best development. His enmity is no occurrence of chance. What he hates in you is either actual or imaginary. If what he thinks he sees in you is true, he renders you the greatest service, in enabling you to see and correct your faults. If his idea is false, it affords you the greatest opportunity to show what you are and to strengthen and confirm every noble characteristic in your nature. Ask yourself the question, *What does he find in me to hate?* Try to see yourself with his eyes. You cannot escape from him or from your own evil by resentment or retaliation. There is only one method in all the universe by which you may escape from your enemies; selfless love. If enemies can exist here, they can exist anywhere. They are a necessary part of your present environment and you can avoid them only by changing your internal condition.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art with him in the way; lest happily the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge to the officer and thou be cast in prison. Verily I say unto thee, 'Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou have paid the last farthing.'"

Your adversary is simply affording you the necessary gymnastic apparatus on which to practice the development of love.

4. Continually bear in your mind the thought, that there is nothing the matter with your enemy except ignorance.

There was once a man who was bigoted, intolerant, revengeful and bloodthirsty. He delighted in putting people to death who had in no way injured him, but who were conspicuous for the nobility of their character. He says of himself that he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" on the disciples of Christ. He afterwards came to see with the vision of the people whom he had formerly persecuted and then he says he obtained mercy because he "did it ignorantly." The innocent man who was murdered by the commission of the worst crime, said of his murderers, that they ought to be forgiven because they were not aware that they were committing a crime.

Your enemy is ignorant of you. His enmity seems right to him; he thinks he ought to hate you. Paul says of his former savage career, "I verily thought I was doing God service." If you say that your enemy does not know you and thus mistakenly regards you with hostility, how will you reveal yourself truly to him? If you return evil for evil and hate for hate, you clearly show him that he is right and even if you are not guilty of the evil he suspects in you, you convince him that his hate is merited. If, however, you return kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns, he will probably see his mistake and recognize you as you really are. A heathen who was superintending the crucifixion of Jesus, when he heard him pray to God to forgive his enemies, said, "Truly this was a Son of God." The malignant persecutor, to whom I referred above, when he heard a martyr who was being stoned to death, plead, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," was convinced of his error and became the first advocate of the cause he had been opposing.

He is ignorant of himself. He does not know his own physical, mental or spiritual constitution. If he could see the effects of anger in every department of his system, he never would be angry. He is a hypnotized god, who is deceived as to his own real character. Show him the God in you, and this may rouse the slumbering dignity in him until he comes to himself and casts off his somnambulism. It may be his only hope.

II. The loving conduct of life.

The kind attitude solves one half of the problem and, in itself has a great power to melt barriers, and not only to cause one to feel kindly towards his enemy but also to dissipate hostility; but this kindly attitude is not enough without the actual practice of love. Jesus gives three prescriptions as to the practical method of loving one's enemies.

1. "Bless them that curse you." A young man came to his pastor, who had been noted for his athletic prowess in his youth, and said to him that he had determined to learn the noble art of self-defense and would be glad of advice as to the best system to adopt. He said, "Would you recommend Sullivan's system?" The minister replied, "I would advise you to try Solomon's system," and the young man said, "I never heard of Solomon's system." The other answered, "It is contained in this, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath but grievous words stir up anger.'"

Did you never have the experience of finding rising anger in you entirely destroyed and a kind sentiment take its place upon learning of some gracious word that had been said of you by your supposed enemy? Five centuries before Christ, Buddha said:

The man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him to me, the more good shall go from me to him. Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

Would you not like to be present when some enraged man should curse another, saying, "God damn you," and the other gently should answer him, "God bless you?"

I believe also that this word, "Bless those who curse you," has a deeper significance than the mere utterance of gracious sentiments, valuable as this may be. There are people all over the world vainly endeavoring to cultivate the use of occult forces; but it is a fact that everyone of us has rare psychic powers, by which we may transform our own lives and the lives of others. Paul believed that certain ones of his associates could heal the sick, could speak languages that they never had learned by ordinary processes and work various other kinds of miracles; and it was in connection with these supernormal gifts that he said that, if a man could fortell the future, could understand all mysteries, could gain knowledge by intuition, and even could move mountains, that all this would be valueless without the practice of selfless love.

2. "Do good to them that hate you."

It is said of one of the Ptolemies that, as he went into battle, he told his troops that, if he gained the victory, he would destroy his enemies. After having won the contest, several thousand prisoners were brought before him and his soldiers stood with drawn swords, ready to slay them. The king, however, said in a loud voice, "I forgive you all," And when his followers cried out in anger that he had promised to destroy his enemies, he answered, "I have no enemies left; I have destroyed them all."

Some one well says that the only way to fire at an enemy is to aim at his heart. Lao Tse, who lived about the time of Buddha and who was regarded by the Chinese as a divine man, said:

"The good, I would meet with goodness; the not-good, I would meet with goodness also. The faithful, I would meet with faith; the not-faithful, I would met with faith also. Virtue is faithful. Recompense injury with kindness."

Paul said:

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink; for in so doing thou shall heap coals of fire upon his head."

I heard of a lady who said she had "tried hot water."

The persistent, practical ministering to an enemy's needs cannot help but destroy the enmity. If he is in bereavement, let him know you sympathize with him; if he is sick, offer to personally care for him; if he is in business difficulties, place your credit at his disposal. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

3. "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Emerson defines prayer as the "contemplation of the facts of the universe from the highest point of view." You cannot look at the facts of your differences from men, from the highest point of view, without seeing that the unity between you and your brother is greater than the differences and so putting your enmity entirely away. You cannot carry hostility into the "secret place."

One evening a lady called upon me, whom I had never known personally, but whom I had noticed in a congregation, because of the distressed expression on her face. She said, "I am a most wretched woman, but I do not know wherein the cause of my trouble lies." I spent a half hour in a fruitless endeavor to help her, and finally said, "Are you at perfect peace with all the world?" She replied, with great emphasis, "No sir!" And then she said, "Don't you ask me to forgive that woman!" I replied, "You will never

be at peace until you do." She then said, "I cannot I cannot." I then asked "Is it a case of can't or won't?" And then she said, "I won't, anyway." I then said, "Do you really enjoy your bitter feeling, do you sleep better at nights on account of it; do you awaken with a brighter outlook in the morning; does it really make you a truer woman and a nobler mother and wife?" She answered, "No, indeed, it makes me miserable." Then I said, "You do not talk like a sane woman. You have a poisonous thorn in your breast and instead of trying to remove it, you press it in and turn it around and spread the poison through your system and say, "I won't let go of this thorn." She then said, "I would give it up, but I can't." I then asked, "Do you ever pray?" She replied, "No, I have tried to pray but have not succeeded." I said, "No matter what you thing about God, try now to pray as best you can and say from your heart, 'Oh, God, I would like to give up this enmity, but I cannot. Will you help me?' She knelt down voluntarily and repeated those words, and then God helped her. He seemed to open the flood gates of the purifying power of the loving spirit and pour this through her soul, until she rose up with a shining face and said, "I cannot make it up with her quickly enough." I saw her afterwards, in a congregation, and I looked through her eyes into her soul and saw a soul in heaven; and heaven was in her.

A few days later, I was introduced to a young lady who occupied a seat with me on a railway train. Almost immediately she said, with accents of great concern, "Can you tell me how I can become acquainted with God?" I said, "Certainly." She then told me something of her fruitless search for the Great Reality. I thought almost immediately of the other woman, and I said to her, "Have you had a quarrel with any one?" She answered, "Yes, I have," and she then said bitterly, "I will never forgive that woman"; and then I said, "Then you never will be forgiven." She replied, "Then I never will be forgiven." I saw her afterwards in a congregation and I looked down through her eyes into her soul and I saw a soul in hell. The woman was in hell and hell was in her; for this is the loss of a soul, to fail to be in right relationship with all that is. that is.

The reason that Jesus gives why men should love their enemies is that they may be the children of the spiritual Father, "Who maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "He is kind to the unthankful and the evil."

"Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father, who is perfect." The perfection of God is His impartiality and, in this sense, man becomes as perfect as God when he regards all impartially and truly loves his enemies.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"He that saith he is in the light and hateth his brother is in the darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light and there is no occasion for stumbling. But he that hateth his brother is in the darkness and walketh in the darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blinded his eyes."

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

"If a man say, 'I love God,' and he hateth his brother, he is a liar, for if he loveth not his brother whom he has seen; he cannot love God whom he hath not seen."

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

My Summer in a Hammock.

The insect noises in the grass to which I listen day by day lead me to speculate upon the actual number within my garden space, and the different varieties represented. An unscientific person can make no guess, but the scientific students are wonderful guessers. They do not come within millions of years of each other in guessing at the age of our planet, but they may have better data to go by when they tell us that of plants half a million species are already counted, and that of animals two million are classified. This amazing fecundity is rather discouraging to ordinary research. Probably I could never number all the life forms of my own garden patch, with whatever diligence I might try. Personally I do not care to know, and those who do may count. But there is one of my remote ancestors in whom I am much interested. They call him the Amœba, and he possesses some advantages over man which I rather envy him. He has no head, consequently it cannot ache, he has but one nerve, and that surely must be a condition of great enjoyment. But one nerve! Dwell upon the delightful possibilities of life if one were so framed for existence. No neuralgia, no nervous prostration, no sciatica, unless indeed the perversity of fate should decree that the one nerve should be the sciatic! What would bellowing thunders be to us then, or barking dogs at midnight, or the musical efforts of cats, or the untimely weeping of children? Serenely should we live, serenely die. One nerve! No head! Words cannot do justice to the thought. Let us pass on. Then this beautiful beast has no organs! Yet he gets on very well, we are told, simply extemporizing organs as he needs them. Think of that advantage over man. If an Amœba had for a long time drank too much beer, and ruined his liver and his kidneys so that even his life was endangered, he could extemporize a new outfit, and begin all over again, as he would be sure to do, I doubt not. And this delightful creature can become all mouth when it chooses. How a man would like that. Dining might go on forever. Really it is a pleasure to study up one's ancestors. I think I shall have an Amœba graven on my coat of arms, for I really think he is my favorite grandfather. No head! one nerve!

The caterpillar has nerves only for eating and crawling, wherein he approaches some men, but when he gets more highly specialized he becomes a butterfly and soars. His tiny brain may be a good gift after all. One would almost like to be a butterfly and soar around in the soft June air showing off one's jeweled wings. Sometimes in driving one seems to raise a whole cloud of butterflies from the grass. Suddenly the road is filled with the flying splendor, and they circle about you, perhaps for a long distance, seemingly in the enjoyment of spectators of their fantastic march and varied colors. The prevailing hue is yellow, but there are elaborate markings which render each butterfly distinct from its fellows. Do they mate like birds, and can they distinguish their true loves? Perhaps the atom of brain which is evolved from the worm is not yet capable of such natural selection. Their floating in the air seems rather aimless, not like the flight of birds, which seems to have a purpose. But their grace and beauty are their own excuse for being. Flocks of wild canaries are sometimes seen along the roads also, almost identical in color with the butterflies. How beautiful, too, are the larger moths, white and gray, spotted and mottled, clad in such transparent gauze as no loom has woven, and colored as not even the Pre-Raphaelites could color, in delicate ethereal tints. And the humming birds, have you considered them? You must reckon with the jeweled darlings before you are proficient in the scale of color.

In church this Sabbath morning the minister pro-

pounded the old question, "What think ye of Christ?" and I listened once again to the painful exposition of the subject given by the average preacher to a country congregation. But in spirit I left him and his commonplaces, and soared away into the empyrean.

I rehearsed to myself the story which grows misty with the flight of ages. In dim and far perspective I saw the setting of that divine tragedy—the village of Nazareth, the sea of Galilee, the wilderness of Judea, the Jordan, the exceeding high mountain, Capernaum, Gethsemane, Calvary. I strove to see with my own eyes the mother and the child. All that art can do to embody them for us, was done centuries ago, all that poetry can do has been essayed throughout the year, all that eloquence can accomplish has been tried by inspired lips down through the ages,—and yet the mystery deepens; there are depths of silence under all this sound, and the atmosphere of the dream is over it all. Renan was the last poet to walk the sacred places and to tell us their story; but simple and natural as was his account of all, he did not dispel the mythical charm, and it was well. Could we bring the Christ out into the hard and garish light, how soon would the spell he now casts over the world be broken. Could we exhibit him in the market place, he would soon become like one of us. The charm of remoteness is one of the greatest that enthralls the human mind. What we have reduced to a knowledge of the senses, is the mere dregs of life. The indefinable charm of the unknown, of the half known, of the dimly apprehended, of the mythical, is one of the rarest possessions of our being. Would that we could be content many times to leave some of the sacred things of life in this atmosphere of dreams, and not drag everything into the sun.

Let us not insist upon hearing the daisies grow. Let the secret of the oleander's blush remain hidden. Let us not turn our glasses upon God while he paints the lily. Let us admit the unknowable, and not thrust ourselves into the sacred places to study the evolution of a soul. There are deeps in the hearts nearest to our own, which we have no call to explore, and there are mysteries in the sacred places of life which we are not called upon to make plain. So let us leave the Christ story alone. Let us not lay unholy hands upon it, and seek to reduce it to a formula. Let it gleam back there in the dimness of that enchanted time like a point of fire, let the soft mists encircle it, let a halo gather about it, let the inspiring strains of the world's greatest music float about it, let an odor of incense rise up from it,—but leave it in the atmosphere of dreams. Do not try to explain it, do not insist upon the world's seeing it as you do, do not make it a matter of merchandise. You will find it a difficult thing to reduce the Holy Ghost to an equation.

Let us be content that under the turquoise skies of old Palestine, the blue streams still reflect his cross, that the pine trees wave as waves a woman's hair, and the penitent hears in their sighs his name, that in the orchards every twining spray breaking into flakes of blossoming foam, whisper of his presence, and that on the misty mountain tops when day is done, the great scene of the Transfiguration is still enacted before the eyes of the faithful. Let us be content that in all lands to which his faithful followers went to proclaim his gospel, his name is known today, and his work is done. The Greek on his rocky isle has learned it, and he hardly treads the farm or furrow, or plucks the cluster from the trellised vine, without reverent thought of the one vine and the many branches; the Roman learned it at an early day, and to that lowly name have the grandest temples of the world been built, the greatest art of the world been dedicated, and the sweetest music of the world been sung. But not alone has the Greek learned it amid his marble porticos, as the Roman from amid his olive and ilex groves, and by the shores of his sparkling and full freighted seas, but from the mountain promontories of Northern Europe, from the Switzer's cottage where he sees the mists changing their shapes forever, among the changeless pines that fringe the crests of the Alps, from the snowy steppes of stern Siberia, and the banks of the blue Neva, from the forests of the Danube and the Dnieper, from the fens and fells of England, the tarns and trosachs of Scotland, from the fair plains of France, and the storied cities of Spain, is his name echoed today and his memory held in reverence. Aye, more. From blue Carpathian hills it is sounded to the distant Alps, from the stern Caucasus it is flung to the airy Appenines, and the Pyrenees toss it across the seas. In deep Canadian forests it has been heard for centuries. Marquette carried it to the great lakes, and upon the strand at Superior it was lifted by chanting choirs with only savages for listeners. Now a whole new world has learned it, has founded its civilization upon it, and from ocean to ocean it is in the minds of all men supreme. It rules in farthest India, it is penetrating the plains of Africa, and the isles of the sea are feeling its soft force. Let us be patient, friends. Let us not make bloody war for a definition, nor drag our brethren to the stake for a disputed theological proposition, but let us truly believe that the world is his, and that he shall possess his own; and above all let us try to be of his spirit. Philip and Alva, and William of Orange are dust together, the Netherlands lie sleepily in the sun, and the mule bells tinkle on the hills of Spain; Puritan and Cavalier and Covenanter sleep peacefully in English soil, and the old warlike Christians have passed away. Let us retire into the solitude of our own souls as Christ retired to the mountain and the desert, as Moses stood alone at Horeb, and Elijah by the brook and in the cave, and meditate upon the real significance of Christ's life. If any man will study that life deeply enough today, and then study the world around him, we do not fear to assert that if he has been cold and indifferent to the calls of that humanity which is perishing around him, he will feel himself all at once

"Summoned a solitary man
From the safe glad rear to the terrible van."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Serene Simplicity.

With his grandchild on his knee
He sits, gazing off at space;
Backward to simplicity
He has wandered. In his face
There's the simple, childish look,
The old honesty, once more,
That he long ago forsook,
That, ere knowledge came, he wore.

Though his tie has worked askew
He nor notices nor cares;
There is lack of smartness, too,
In the raiment that he wears.
Here and there a gap appears
Where an unused button shows;
By the right of many years
He ignores it, if he knows.

In the faces of the twain
There is nature's honesty;
One has left off being vain,
One has not yet learned to be:
Close to earth and unconcerned
By the things the world may think,
One to wander, one returned,
They are sitting at the brink.

Sweet the innocence that lies
In a baby's honest gaze,
Sweet the candor in his eyes
Ere he learns of worldly ways.
Sweet the simpleness of men
After all the strife is past,
The return to nature, when
Vanity departs, at last.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Through Cloud to Light.

Through cloud up Rigi I would climb,
To find a vision all divine!
The cloud poured forth its pearly snow
On mountain top and lake below;
The crystal petals wove a shroud
To deck each crag in beauty proud;
And as I gazed in wonder round,
The Alpine heights seemed holy ground.
Through mists and cloud I upward gazed,
Cerulean sky to see amazed;
I stood in awe before God's throne,
Whose mirrored face in brightness shone.
Kindled my soul, I turned away;
A glimpse of Heaven I'd seen that day!
I halted on the snowy peak,
So filled with God I could not speak.
I waited till the after-glow
Its fading, rosy tints would throw
Their halo o'er the lifted hills,
The prayerful soul whose glory thrills.
The sun had sunk to rest, I thought,
When more than miracle was wrought;
A cloud was lifted from his face,
Whose golden beams my eye could trace,
Once more my eyes illumining,
Making the bells of peace to ring;
Such splendors lit that evening sky,
Its beauty brought the dear God nigh—
So full of ecstasy I woke!
It was a dream! An angel spoke!
"A vision this of life," it said—
The storm may beat upon thy head,
As up life's path ye tired creep,
Transfigured through the rugged steep.
And o'er thee glad, God's light shall break,
Its sunset glow the hour to wake.
Brief is the way by cloud obscure,
Sunshine beyond the mists endure;
And all that fills with tears the eyes,
In mounting toward the soul's fair skies,
Shall leave behind the shades of night,
To welcome Heaven's eternal light.

—*A. Judson Rich.*

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In Memorium.

It is a kind of triumph in itself to have completed four score and a quarter years. But when a long life has been full of devoted service, the victory of years is indeed a great one. The friend who has recently passed from our midst had no flowery path to tread. Early in life she took upon herself serious family cares.

Deprived of higher school advantages which her eager mind craved, she resolved that her brother and sister should have what was denied to her. She gave herself to the service of her family with a never failing devotion. Yet full of struggle and care as her life has been, she was able to say to a friend recently, "Yes, I am eighty-five, but I have had the full worth of the years." In her Galena home she was ever active in philanthropy. On coming to Geneva to reside with her brother and sister, she entered into what she felt to be one of the great privileges and blessings of her life, the fellowship of the Unitarian Church. Closely related to one of the founders of the first Unitarian Church in America, and growing up under the influence of the rationalism of Joseph Priestley, whose name was so closely associated with her grandfather's, she felt a certain isolation till she came to the Geneva Church. To this church she gave her loving interest, and on the last Sunday of her life among us she was in her accustomed place, with the light of another world shining in her face. In her double devotion to church and home she did not forget her intellectual life. Her longing to grow mentally never left her. She believed in the Study Clubs as an inspiration and educational stimulus. She had the quiet convictions of a reformer too, and cast the first woman's ballot for educational suffrage in Geneva. Such an active life as hers, such an untiringly faithful one, cannot fail to leave a deep impress upon the community. It cannot fail to stimulate us all to a renewed reverence for "the things that are most excellent," to a renewed admiration for a faithful soul that moves with quiet patience and courage, up through all obstacles, to the illuminated table-lands of age.

Geneva, Ill. MARION MURDOCH.

Foreign Notes.

THE BOERS.—The *Journal de Genève* has not been a pro-Boer organ. It has persistently declined to open its columns to the appeals or the reports of a zealous worker for the Boer cause and collector for the Hobhouse fund resident in Geneva. One may therefore give the more weight to the following article which recently appeared in its columns from the pen of some more favored contributor.

"No one ever believed, that the war once finished, a new era of prosperity would immediately open for the land of the Boers. Too many farms were burned, too many estates devastated, there were too many wounds to be healed. Nevertheless it was not expected that the distress would last so long. An industrial crisis, an agricultural crisis—cattle disease—all conspired to destroy the hopes based on the regular installation of the English regime.

"The government, to meet the constant diminution of receipts, has suppressed offices and officials, reduced salaries, suspended the construction of three-quarters of the railroads and thus thrown on the streets a multitude of employes, who keep up a permanent agitation in the cities. Industry is at a standstill. Land which formerly was worth 25 francs an acre is now not worth 12. Banks refuse all credit. Even on a first mortgage one can borrow only at from 12 to 15 per cent interest. The bovine plague has carried off half the cattle. English and foreigners of the Rand and Boers of the Veldt are one in their discontent.

"Then there is the question of the Chinese. Lord Lansdowne and the Chinese minister at London signed on the 13th of May the treaty regarding the enrolment and importation of Chinese coolies to the Transvaal. Thousands of these coolies are to be poured into the territory of the gold mines. The recruiting agents have had no difficulty in enrolling them among the hordes of Chinese who go every summer to Manchuria for the harvest season, and whom the Russo-Japanese war has shut out of that region. They will be paid a certain number of shillings per week, more in any case than they could earn in China. Nevertheless public sentiment in England is uneasy. While it really is not a re-establishing of slavery, each Chinaman before embarking being fully informed as to the labor contract proposed; it is collective servitude, the coolie remaining confined in his 'compound' and being transferred only at the will of the master. It is contended that this regime does not differ materially from that in use for the blacks. But the Boers, who are very hostile to this yellow immigration reply—without touching on the humanitarian aspect of the question, which does not move them particularly—that the Caffres are inhabitants of the country; that wages paid to them will remain in the country and increase its prosperity, while what money the Chinese acquire will go to China.

"Other complaints against the Chinese are their filthiness,

their customs, their vices, and the diseases they bring with them and transmit.

"Finally, England promised the Boers representative government. She has not yet kept her promise. The Transvaal and Orange live under the regime for crown colonies. England has expended too much blood and treasure to risk the results by any experiments which she deems dangerous. She has not dared to confer on the Boers such full self-government as makes the prosperity of Canada. Lord Milner, as high commissioner for South Africa, governs as a master a little too imperious, and many complaints are brought against him.

"Such were heard the other day at the Boer congress held in Pretoria. All the great leaders were there: Botha, De la Rey, De Wet; all spoke. A letter was read also from Cronje, the quarreled with the English, and therefore humbled himself before his people and before God, begging their pardon. The congress lasted three days. Its attitude was loyal and correct. There were no expressions of revolt, no empty threats. Most of the English papers admitted this, while showing that the speakers voiced the general discontent. If the Boers do not demand that they shall at once be given a parliament, they do ask to be governed a little more in their interest, a little less in that of the financial clique that controls the gold mines. Nor is this the feeling of the Boers alone; it is that of the great majority of the English and foreigners established in the Transvaal.

"The question of language also called out some lively protests. Dutch should be taught in the schools as well as English, but this rule is not lived up to. De la Rey proposed a boycott of the schools in which the children are not taught the language of their fathers.

"In conclusion, the congress voted for the formation of a Transvaalian League to be affiliated with the Afrikander League at the Cape and pursue a like policy. This is not pleasant news for the English element. Every one knows what difficulty the famous Dr. Jamieson, first minister of the Cape, had in governing in opposition to the Dutch element with a majority of but three or four votes.

"After the congress the Boers dispersed to their farms, scattered over the immensity of the veldt. A French business man told us lately of a visit to De Wet. His object was to lay before the general a new method of shearing sheep. The day was spent in the fields and in the enclosures where the animals are penned up. In the evening, De Wet, his wife, his children, his guests, sat on a bench before the house.

"'Tell us of the war, General.'

"De Wet did not reply. He continued to smoke his short pipe, gazing out over the boundless plain where three years ago he led the impetuous cavalcade of his men. Night fell; the family went in for evening prayers; and De Wet had not talked of the war." M. E. H.

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